

JULY

ALASKA'S MAGAZINE

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The Alaska Sportsman



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ISSUE

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The Alaska Sportsman

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to Sportsmanship
and the
Great
Outdoors

EMERY F. TOBIN
Editor

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The Alaska Sportsmen's Association

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Flora of Alaska

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COVER	"Casting"	
Photo by Milotte Studio.		
FRONTISPIECE	White Siberian Sled Dog	4
Photo by Charlotte B. Potter, courtesy Schallerer's Photo Shop.		
MAIN TRAILS AND BYPATHS	Editorial	5
THE GLACIER BEAR	J. F. Krause	6
His color is like the blue of his glacier home.		
FISHIN'	Stanley Adams	8
Some firemen fly to find fishin' that is fishin'.		
THE FAIRBANKS ICE CARNIVAL	J. Rex Peterson	10
Parades and thrilling winter sports make the annual event unique.		
DRUM ICE	Jack Allman	12
The second of a fiction series featuring Dave Blaine, Alaskan marshal.		
ANDERSON'S INCUBATORS	H. A. Anderson	14
A homesteader enlists the aid of a queer bird to hatch domestic chicks.		
ADVENTURE ON WHITE WATER	C. T. Ashby	15
How three men lost their lives in the Abercrombie Rapids.		
THE LUCKY SHRIMPERS	Kenneth M. Nelson	16
They encounter ice-bergs, storms and thick weather, but usually make it home.		
ARMS AND AMMUNITION	Claude Aiken, editor	19
A department.		
THE SLUICE BOX	Victor Shaw, editor	21
Guide posts in the search for Alaska mines and minerals.		
FLORA OF ALASKA	J. P. Anderson, editor	22
A department of Alaska plants and flowers.		
ROD AND REEL DEPARTMENT	J. F. Van Gilder, editor	24
On the subject of artificial lures.		
THE ALASKA SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION		25
A department.		
FROM KETCHIKAN TO BARROW	A department	30
News and facts about Alaska.		

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WHITE SIBERIAN SLED DOG.

Photo by Charlotte B. Potter.

Main Trails and Bypaths

♦ Editorial ♦

THE aura of romance which has distinguished the search for gold in Alaska has obscured in the public mind a romance of commerce which has grown quietly to such an extent that it has relegated gold mining as an Alaskan industry to second place both as to commercial value and basic importance to mankind.

This is the romance of the salmon canning industry. There must be romance behind an industry, which, confined to but five to six weeks of fishing each year, puts up a total quantity of fish double that which New England fishermen catch in a whole year!

As to basic importance to Mankind—who will deny that a food containing the essential nutriment of salmon exceeds in importance the gold which Man puts into his banks and his pockets?

SALMON is such a rich, nourishing and important food that the world goes far and to great pains to secure it. If this was not so then there would not be the sixty-million-dollar investment in the industry that there is in Alaska today. Second only, is the cry for halibut, creating another large industry, of which, according to world records, Alaska also has the lion's share.

Those who cry for conservation may well point with pride to the accomplishments in Alaska's fisheries. Say what one will, there are few measures for conservation which have brought the results that have the watchful, scientific care of governments over these industries during the past few years.

Since restrictive measures were imposed by International Treaty on the halibut industry, which a few years ago was rapidly going down grade due to decreasing supply, there has been an increase in the catch of halibut per unit of gear over previous years of non-regulation. Scientific study and planning are putting it on a safe basis for future years.

SALMON are the most obliging of fishes, coming right up to the shore at the time they are in prime condition, headed for the fresh water streams, where, like trout, they lay their spawn. This fact makes them easy prey for traps, seines and gill-nets, but their supply has been perpetuated by governmental regulations which restrict the length of seasons, use of gear and areas which may be fished.

The regulation and supervision of the fur seal herds of the Pribilofs is an outstanding example of what regulation and strict conservation measures can do to preserve and increase the supply of fish or animals. In contrast, one has only to point to the New England States or Europe where salmon and halibut have practically disappeared, due to lack of regulation.

If game animals and game fish were given the same scientific and strict regulation that commercial fisheries are there is no reason to believe that the present supply might not be safeguarded and increased.





PHOTO COURTESY JUNEAU GUIDES

The Glacier Bear

By J. F. Krause

SOME animals certainly exist in the most unusual habitat—as if Nature intended that all the earth should be inhabited! Of all places, however, the glacier of Alaska will be conceded the most precarious from which to wrest a living. It is no wonder, then, that the blue, or glacier bear, (*Euarctos emmonsii*) is the rarest of all bears.

Few other animals could exist in such a bleak, barren and hazardous homeland. Though highly prized as a trophy, few have been observed or taken and very little is known of his life history because he lives in such a remote and little frequented range.

The glacier bear is generally conceded to be a color phase of the black bear, but its color varies exceedingly from bluish or dark iron-gray to a bluish, smoky, light gray. Some of the most extraordinary types have rare

colors. Choice specimens from the Malaspina Glacier may vary from a silvery blue to a blue almost as dark as that of a blue-jay. The fact that there is such a color variance is considered by some as indicating that at one time, before contact with the black bear, the glacier bear may have been an individual species.

The animal was discovered in the Glacier Bay—Mount St. Elias and Malaspina Glacier districts in 1895. It was then described as a separate species, with well-defined markings of its own. A specimen was taken on an "island" of Malaspina Glacier some years ago and is now on display, mounted, in the National Museum at Washington, D. C.

Reports that cubs representing the glacier bear and the black bear were recently found in the same litter, have been made. This is not regarded as un-

deniable proof that they are of the same species, however, since a trapper in July, 1929, found a mother black bear with a black bear cub and a grizzly cub in Northeastern British Columbia. On his approach, the mother ran away and left the cubs to shift for themselves. He noted that one cub had the distinct characteristics of the black bear, whereas the other was undeniably a grizzly bear cub. The trapper considered this a plain case of a grizzly cub having lost its mother and the black bear, against the usual practice in such cases, having adopted the grizzly cub.

The glacier bear, also known as the emmons bear or the blue bear, is found principally in the region along the Alaskan coastal front as far inland as there are glaciers, from Bering Glacier, east of Cordova, to Glacier Bay, northwest of Juneau. Some have been

reported, however, from Cook inlet, all along the coast of Alaska to as far south as Hazelton, British Columbia and inland for two hundred miles.

Such a large area may seem to indicate that there may be many glacier bears, but, with Nature taking its toll each summer through the natural hazards of its habitat, he gets little chance to increase. Weather conditions are such for seven months of the year that he must hibernate, and when he comes out in the summer, with its hot days and cool nights, the glaciers work and crack. When he is seeking salmon in the streams near and under the glaciers there is little doubt but that the glacier takes a life occasionally.

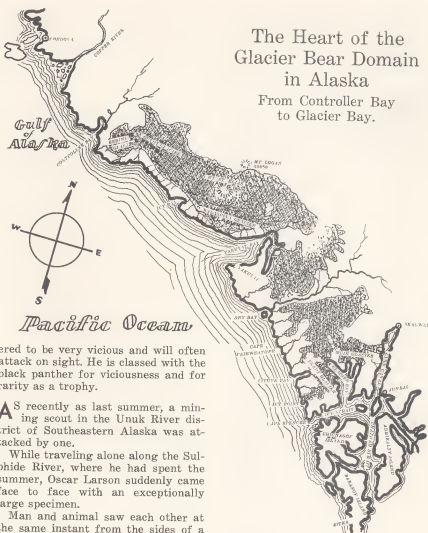
THE hunter gets very few of his kind, as the glacier bear has a comparatively keen sense of smell, sight and hearing and the very nature of his range makes him difficult to approach. The writer tried to stalk one on Miles Glacier, at the head of Turnagain Arm, Cook Inlet, one autumn. I spent nine days in an effort to get within shooting distance and though I saw the bear with my field glasses at least once a day and sometimes as often as three times a day, I never could get within range so as to make a reasonably accurate shot with a high power game rifle. If anyone is not convinced that he is a hard animal to bag, I am sure that he would be persuaded should he try his skill for thirty days.

One reason that so little is known about the glacier bear is that he is usually found only in the most inaccessible places. His food consists principally of marmots, mice, and ground squirrels, which he digs out of their burrows on nearby mountain slopes. According to a number of reports, the glacier bear will kill a mountain goat of his own size or larger and during the salmon run in the summer he will change his diet to salmon, herbs, berries and similar items, the same as does the black, brown and grizzly bear in adjacent regions.

The glacier bear's skull has all the characteristics of the black bear's, but he differs in make-up from the black bear in that he is often much smaller and the claws and pads of his feet have a similarity to those of the polar bear.

It is reasonable to believe that in the beginning the glacier bear originated from the black bear, but, becoming stranded among the ice fields, or choosing its habitat there, evolved certain characteristics of its own through gradual inbreeding. Again, in later times, with the ice fields gradually receding, the bear has come more often in contact with its original species and is regaining the black bear's characteristics.

With the glacier bear hibernating for seven months of the year, he is allowed only five months to take on sufficient nourishment to build himself up for his long slumber. There is no weakness evident in the glacier bear, however, as he is everywhere consid-



ered to be very vicious and will often attack on sight. He is classed with the black panther for viciousness and for rarity as a trophy.

AS recently as last summer, a mining scout in the Unuk River district of Southeastern Alaska was attacked by one.

While traveling alone along the Sulphide River, where he had spent the summer, Oscar Larson suddenly came face to face with an exceptionally large specimen.

Man and animal saw each other at the same instant from the sides of a large boulder on the bank of the stream. They were but a few feet apart.

The bear, surprised with a fresh kill, made a mad rush for the intruder. Lacking time to do anything else, Larson ducked down to the base of the boulder. The bear came over the boulder after him.

In his mad rush over the rock, the bear missed the man. He made a swipe at the man in passing, and then, losing his balance, the infuriated bear tumbled over the rock and into the river.

By the time Larson had righted himself, the bear was a considerable distance down stream. Two shots from a

The subject of glacier bear is one about which so little is known that many hunters outside of Alaska have never heard of the existence of the bear with the unique coat of blue fur.

Before setting down the material presented here, J. F. Krause, Alaska guide, consulted scores of hunters and guides in the Territory and various other sources for information. Mr. Krause has himself hunted the glacier bear.

The author is anxious to obtain further facts with reference to this rare and unusual animal and hunters who have made contact with the glacier bear are invited to write to Mr. Krause, care of this magazine.

The Heart of the Glacier Bear Domain in Alaska

From Controller Bay to Glacier Bay.

side arm sent the bear off on a run into the brush without his as much as looking back at his original objective or bothering to return to his fresh kill—a two-year-old mountain goat.

There is no information available as to the number of glacier bear killed in Alaska as the annual take is included in the black bear total in the official records that are kept. Comparatively few people in Alaska have seen a glacier bear and there is only a limited number in captivity.

Another interesting bear, considered by some to also be a color phase of the black bear, is the little white, or cream colored, kermode bear, (*Eumetopias kermodei*) found on Gribble Island in Western British Columbia. This bear, however, is an albinistic form.

There is no agreement as to many classifications and phases of the black bear family and he may be white, blue, blue-gray, silver-blue, brown, cinnamon or black. There is still room for careful observation and study by competent mammalogists.

The fact that glaciers in Alaska are gradually but surely receding, indicates that the glacier bear will soon be still further reduced in number. And, no doubt, long before the last ice fields have disappeared, the glacier bear will take his place in history with the famous but extinct "dodo bird."



FIREMEN, be they professional or volunteer, seem to take to the sport of fishing as naturally as a duck takes to water—and it doesn't make any difference what species of duck one might mention, either.

We believe that the reason for this piscatorial weakness among the fire-fighting fraternity lies in the large quantities of water present in the places they go to fish. To substantiate this we might submit that one of the first remarks made by a visiting fireman upon landing on Wilson Lake for the particular fishing trip we will describe was, "Holy smoke! What a swell spot for a thousand gallon pump-er to stick her snoot into!"

This fireman was immediately backed up by the rest of the profession gathered around him. It was only after the fire quenching potentialities of that Southeastern Alaska body of water were calculated that the next most important matter—that of catching fish—was undertaken.

WE will now introduce the members of our expedition, starting our introduction with Charley Gilham. Charley is a former captain of the Seattle Fire Department. Then you must meet Frank Tuttle recently retired captain of the Los Angeles Fire Department; Ed Howay of the Columbia Steel Company of Seattle, and Elmer Okerlund of Ketchikan. They were accompanied by the chief of the Ketchikan Volunteer Fire Department. That's me.

Charley Gilham's mission to Alaska was in the nature of an instructor in modern methods of fire fighting. He spent some three weeks in Juneau and about the same time in Ketchikan, training and instructing members of these departments in some of the fine arts of the game of spraying water and chemicals in hot places.

After three weeks of drilling in Ketchikan the boys and Charley were nearly worn to a frazzle, as you might say, but Charley never displayed a sign of fatigue on that immobile face of his anymore than he did of joy or disgust. He was serious minded, which, incidentally, resulted in the Ketchikan smoke eaters dubbing their capable and respected instructor, "Iron Face."

Now, possibly the writer had been bragging considerably with reference to the quantity and quality of the trout to be had in the nearby lakes and streams. He was shortly informed that just because he was chief of Ketchikan's fire department and was fortunate enough to live in Alaska was no reason 'a' tall that he could shove smoke down their throats.

As a matter of fact, we retired to the hotel to argue the matter and broke into Ed Howay's room and there discussed all the pros and cons. We did some really remarkable fishing for the amount of room we had. Anyway, we decided, then and there, that I should take them to one of these marvelous spots we had been talking about. They said that if we could produce a "flock"

of trout they might believe some of the things I had said, but the flock would have to be made up of some pretty big fish and even then they might be disinclined to believe such tall tales.

And so, being "put on the spot marked X," as the saying goes, it was up to me to make good. The argument and the plans were complete at three-thirty, a. m. We were to get up at five. We said a cheerful good-night, but I doubt whether any snoozing was enjoyed by anyone during the next hour and a half. I know that I didn't do any.

THE day broke bright and early and our bright-eyed gang trooped to the plane about the same time. Here Pilot Bob Ellis dumped us into the ship and we were off on a glorious trip through the air. Truly, the trip was a glorious one, with sparkling sunlight everywhere and brilliant lakes, waterfalls and snow-capped ridges below us.

After forty minutes of flying, we landed on Wilson Lake, nestling there between towering granite mountains. After coasting to and up upon the crystal-white sand-bar at the head of the lake, we disembarked and proceeded—after the aforementioned remarks about the profusion of water for possible pumping proclivities—to set up our tackle and fish.

Frank Tuttle was the first to cast into the lake and no sooner had his spoon touched the water than, "Bang!" he hooked a fifteen-inch cutthroat. An exclamation to my left enlightened me to the fact that things were progressing in that direction. Iron Face had connected with a bit of fury and was plenty busy. Ed and Elmer each were hanging on to one, also, so, with the exception of myself, it was a hundred percent. Since the batting average, as you might say, was so good, I proceeded to set up my own tackle and get into the game.

For an hour, everyone was busy dropping the line over and "hauling them in" and we stopped only for a minute or so to watch the plane make a landing on the lake upon its return from Ketchikan. It had made a trip with supplies for the U. S. Forest Service, which had a crew of men engaged in the construction of shelter cabins on the shores of the lake for the convenience of such members of the sports-minded public as might wish to make an overnight stay.

I asked the boys how they would like to try the other end of the lake, "where the big ones are."

"Big ones? What do you call these?"

After convincing them, more or less, that I had just been breaking them in on minnows, they eagerly agreed, so we dug a hole in the sand of the bar and placed all our fish in the hole, covering them with brush and ferns. The object of this was to conceal them from the prying eyes and claws of eagles and bear, of which there were "plenty."

After Bob Ellis had finished unloading the plane, we inveigled him into

By Stanley Adams

taxiing us to the opposite end of the lake.

Then the fun started!

After directing the boys to various and sundry favorable locations, Frank and I took our stand on a crude raft that rested with one side on the beach.

The big ones were biting and Frank gapsed as he hooked one right after the other. They ranged from eighteen to twenty-four inches in length.

Frank was excited, but I wasn't prepared for what happened next. All of a sudden I heard a KERSPLASH! I turned. Frank was gone!

A roar of laughter greeted him as his head emerged from the water and he crawled up on the raft, soaking wet, but still grasping his fishing rod. There was a fish on the end of the rod.

After Frank had landed the fish he disrobed about ninety per cent and placed his clothes on the bushes to dry. Then he continued fishing in shorts.

Frank spent most of the day fishing almost in the nude. As I recall it, he fell in three times, more or less, that day. Anyone looking closely at one of the pictures to the right of this page, will see that Frank's costume would be almost identical to that of a fan dancer, providing he held a fan instead of a string of fish. Oh, well, we were miles from nowhere.

I was soon all caught up on my fishing, so I wandered down to the log jam where I found Ed perched comfortably on the highest log, well above water. His comfort was somewhat restricted by the necessity of having to work his fish to the far end of the log in order to lift them from the water to his perch. I relieved this situation by crawling out on a "first-story" log beneath him where I removed the fish for him. Then everything was lovely!

A FEW minutes after I arrived on the scene, Ed connected with an unusually large cutthroat. After he had played him out I hoisted the fish up on my log. He was a peculiar shaped fish, with a great pot-belly. He or she looked for all the world as if he or she had swallowed an orange.

"What's the matter with that fish?" Ed asked, peering down over his perch.

"Dunno," I replied. "Let's perform an autopsy." I split it open and "lo and behold—" out popped two large mice!

Ed was silent as we sat gazing with amazement at the unappetizing sight. The sound that came from above wasn't too reassuring and I looked up and found Ed's face white as paper, his mouth open. He was soon casting his bread upon the waters. . . .

Let's draw the curtains. He just couldn't take it. "Humph," he grunted, finally, "So they eat rats! None of these cannibals for me." And that ended Ed's fishing for the day.

Knowing that I could be of no further service to Ed, I left him reclining in a patch of soft moss and wandered off to the place where Iron Face was straining every fiber of his being to cast his line "just a few feet farther" into the lake. I never saw a fellow so

intent on his work as he was. He was taking his fishing as seriously as he did his training of firemen. Every muscle in his "Iron Face" was taut.

On the bank behind him were the results of his painstaking efforts. They were as fine a mess of cutthroats as I ever saw. Beauties, every one, ranging from ten to twenty inches overall, with one that would go a good twenty-four.

As Gilliam splashed to the shore with another wigging trout, I inquired, "Now what do you think of Alaska's fishing possibilities?"

Iron Face shook his head. "Never dreamed there was fishing like this anywhere in the world. You fellows up here are surely lucky."

ALTHOUGH Elmer Okerlund is an old-timer in Alaska, I believe he was getting as big a kick out of the trip as the visitors were. He had his share of trout, too!

The one thing that puzzled me about Elmer was that he was not whistling the tune, "When the moon comes over the mountain." Elmer is familiar with that tune to the extent of those seven words only and is generally found whistling it, but when he reaches the point where the word, "mountain" should be, he has to stop. He can't remember the rest. I believe that if we could keep him fishing at Wilson Lake for a week he might forget all of it.

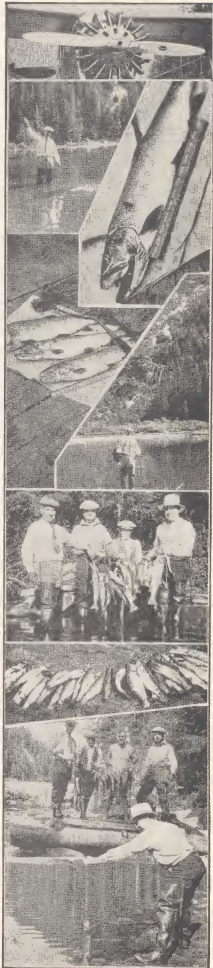
When everyone was apparently "fed up" on fishing, we gathered up the spoils and went along the shore to the point where Frank was struggling to get his number twelve feet into a pair of wet boots. His suit, having gone through the process of drying out and wetting in for the third time, was badly out of press, as one might describe it, and he was a bedraggled looking mess. While we were making wise cracks about the incidents of the day, the plane returned with the last load for the Forest Service camp and our expedition was all but over.

Upon reaching the head of the lake again, we uncovered our buried trout and piled aboard the plane for the take-off. We were five tired, hungry fishermen. What we wouldn't do to those trout when we got down out of the air and our hands on a frying pan was nobody's business!

Forty minutes after the take-off, we were sorting out the fish. When we got them together in a pile, we gasped. One hundred twenty-five pounds of cutthroat trout! The largest weighed five and one-half pounds. It measured twenty-five and one-half inches.

After a hearty dinner of trout and we had lighted our pipes, we caught every one of those fish a second time. After all, the most enjoyable part of a trip is the talking about it afterward.

The crowning feature, as you might say, so far as I was concerned, was the fact that I had made good. I had had the good fortune to be able to prove to those smoke-eaters from the outside that, after all, Alaska has the world's best fishing grounds. And that's barring none!





In the above scene at Alaska's greatest sports carnival, Governor G. A. Jeckell of Yukon Territory, Canada, is shown at left center, shaking hands with Mayor E. B. Collins of Fairbanks. Representatives of various Alaska towns are in the group behind them. At extreme left is Constable Thomas Colmer of the Canadian Northwest Mounted Police and reading to the right are: Carolyn Haggstrom as Miss Nenana; Charlotte Manning as Miss Anchorage; Ole Fisher of Fairbanks as the King Regent; Bernice Kazinsky as Miss Dawson; Virginia Berg of Palmer as Miss Alaska; Mrs. Eleanor Robinson of Fairbanks as the Queen Regent; Elsa Lundell as Miss University; Sigrid Seppala, daughter of the famous dog-team driver, Leonard Seppala, as Miss Fairbanks; and Corporal Joseph Wynne of the Canadian Northwest Mounted Police.

The Fairbanks Ice Carnival

By J. Rex Peterson

THE people of Interior Alaska, both young and old, always have Carnival Time in mind as the greatest holiday of the year; the one time when all work is forgotten and everyone carries out the motto, "Carnival Time is Play Time."

A colorful parade again wound its way through the gayly decorated town of Fairbanks to the scene of Coronation on the snow-covered, frozen Chena River just above the Cushman Street bridge, this year.

A throne of ice and snow had been constructed for the occasion. It was a magnificent piece of architecture, requiring weeks of painstaking effort. Totem poles, carved of solid ice and

decorated with gay colors, stood silent sentinels to the ceremonies. The presence of Native tribes in their full Alaskan costumes and members of the Canadian Royal Mounted Police, with their bright red uniforms, added color to the gala event.

Virginia Berg, charming miss from Palmer, center of the Matanuska Farm Colony, won the coveted honor of Miss Alaska. Other entrants in the contest, representing various Alaskan cities, acted as maids of honor to the Queen.

One day of the Carnival was designated as Dominion Day. On this occasion, Miss Alaska relinquished her throne to Miss Bernice Kazinsky of Dawson who represented the Canadian city as she ruled over the festivities.

The crown worn by Miss Alaska was a beautiful 1936 creation, the property of, and produced by Arthur S. Brown, Fairbanks jeweler. The striking ornament is made of snow-white Alaskan Ivory, with lustrous gold nuggets. A reproduction in gold of the typical Alaska pick and shovel and gold-pan adorns the front. At the very crest, the ivory image of a typical Alaskan male-mute dog poses as if ready for action. The crown, which is typically Alaskan both in material and design, will take an essential part in the coronation ceremonies of annual Ice Carnivals for years to come.

The Queen having been chosen, carnival throngs turned their attention to the other events which followed the dog races every morning. Included were: ice hockey, curling, ski races, ski-joring and wrestling.

HOCKEY enthusiasts enjoyed an unusually interesting tournament. In the competition were teams from Dawson, University of Alaska, Fairbanks and a combined team of players from Palmer and Anchorage.

In one of the closest games ever played, Alaska University won from Dawson with a score of six to five after playing overtime to break the existing tie.

The most exciting game of the contest, however, was played on the last day of the Carnival when Dawson won over University with a score of three to two. The Canadian team scored the winning point in the last thirty-five seconds of play, tying them with the University for the 1936 Carnival championship.

Other scores were: Palmer-Anchorage 5, Fairbanks 3; Dawson 5, Fairbanks 2; University 3, Palmer-Anchorage 2; and Palmer-Anchorage 3, Fairbanks 2.

The new ice rink, built through the co-operation of the Fairbanks Hockey Club and business men, won the approval of both players and spectators. International interest toned the competition with a flavor of keenness that will insure a prominent place for ice hockey among the annual winter festivals of the future.

DURING the last thirty years, curling has become an outstanding Alaskan sport. This old, Scotch game originated across the seas over three hundred years ago. The forty-pound stones used in this game are made of hard granite and are shaped like a flattened ball. They have a handle on



Ice hockey was a feature of the Ice Carnival at Fairbanks. An exciting moment in the game between the University of Alaska and Dawson, Yukon Territory, is shown above with Umpire Benjamin McFarland signalling a University of Alaska score in the fast game. The final score stood Dawson, 3; University, 2.



PHOTOS BY BECKER'S PHOTO COMPANY

Front street, Fairbanks, at night, decorated for the carnival, presented a unique scene to the camera in the above picture. During June, with sunlight nearly all day long, such a photograph as the above would be difficult to get at any time of the twenty-four hours.

them by which the players—four in each team—glide them the length of the ice-covered rink. The object of the game is to make the stones stop on, or as near as possible to the circles at the opposite end of the rink. Players throw the stones with a twisting motion; hence the name “curling.” Under the direction of a skip, the other players sweep the ice in front of the stone with brooms as it moves along. This sweeping tends to increase the speed, thus making the stone travel in a more nearly straight path.

Curling is a game enjoyed, as one

noted enthusiast puts it, “by men and women from eighteen to eighty.”

Dawson and Fairbanks competed in this year's matches for possession of a beautiful silver trophy, donated by the citizens of Fairbanks. Among players on the Canadian team was G. A. Jeckell, governor of Yukon Territory. Dawson men won the first game of the contest with a score of sixteen to nine. The Fairbanks team sprang into action, however, to win the two remaining games with scores of thirteen to six and eleven to eight.

Women's teams of both cities held

a tournament of their own, the Fairbanksans duplicating the victory of their male associates by winning two out of three games. Consequently, the beautiful International Curling Trophy bears the name of its home town as winner of the 1936 Tournament. Next year, at Carnival time, the Dawsonites will undoubtedly hasten forth, eager for the attempt to gain possession of and have their city's name inscribed on this beautiful silver trophy.

SKI races held the interest of many. In the boys' contest, George Rust placed first and Jess Rust, second.

Al Bystrom won the six-mile race and Archie McCormick placed second. Bystrom was also victor in the twenty-mile grind, followed by Victor Isaacson, who came in second.

Ski-joring—dogs pulling skiers—provided excitement for the boys entering, as well as the spectators. George Rust placed first and Stanley Hanson, second.

Carnival visitors enjoyed the thrilling wrestling bout staged by Roy “Alaska Pete” Anderson, 201 pounds, who grappled with Bill Lyons, 172 pounds. In this main event, which was both rough and tricky, Anderson won by taking two consecutive falls. Anderson is the heavyweight champion of Alaska and has wrestled in some three thousand matches during his lifetime. Lyons, who is much newer at the game, comes from Palmer.

In a fast, semi-final match Bliss Harper won from Dan Carlson by taking two out of three falls.

A gay parade and brilliant fireworks brought to a close one of the greatest winter gatherings ever held in the Northland.



"All right," he snapped. "Chop a hole through her."

Drum Ice

By Jack Allman

MARSHAL DAVE BLAINE was sleepy. Dangerously sleepy. So sleepy that every movement was a tremendous drag on his will power. Through the frosted lashes of his heavy lids, his eyes clung to the back of his prisoner, forty feet ahead. He leaned his head into the knife-edged wind that whistled down across the Alaskan tundra with the fury of a thousand boreal demons, and clung desperately to the handle bars of his long basket sled. How much longer could he keep awake?

Three feet from the prisoner's heels, Mongol, the marshal's leader, held his team mates down to a walk. He turned his pointed muzzle back over a frost-coated shoulder. His breath fogged in the bitter air, but the wind carried it away so that Dave could see the questioning look in his Tartar slanted eyes. The wise old malemute knew that this wasn't the kind of weather when one dallied along the trail. So did Dave. But what to do about it? That was the question.

He couldn't haul his prisoner on the sled in a blizzard like this. The man would freeze in no time—an hour at the most, and there were many hours between them and Placer City. Three full days, in fact. And camping would not solve the problem. . . . Mean just that much more delay without any rest for himself. He wouldn't dare sleep. Dode Barlow would kill him. And trussing a man up in this bitter cold was out of the question—even handcuffing. That'd be murder, and there was still some doubt as to Barlow's guilt.

Not much in Dave's mind, to be sure,

Ever since his prisoner had crawled from his bed and tried to get the gun that first night out of Kogak Creek, the marshal had known that Barlow was guilty. Otherwise the man would have come along peacefully; he had certainly professed innocence when arrested.

DAVE knew his case was weak. Barlow had been on Beaver Creek at the time of the Carson gold dust robbery and had been spending Beaver Creek dust since that time, but the jury would probably want something more than that.

Of course, if Barlow had known that Carson had since died as a result of the shooting, that would account for his desperation, but Dave was certain that Barlow didn't even know for sure whether any of his shots had taken effect. The people who had told the marshal that Dode Barlow was a bad egg had known what they were talking about.

Well, he'd carry on without sleep as long as he could. He wiped the frost from his lashes and pried his eyes open by sheer force of will. For two nights now, ever since this terrible blizzard had descended upon them, he had not so much as closed them for a minute. Dode had had sleep, though. Plenty of it.

Dave called into the teeth of the gale for his prisoner to step out a little faster, but Dode Barlow only grinned back over his shoulder. It was an evil, cocksure sort of a grin, and it meant just one thing to the marshal.

Barlow was a trail-wise soundough. He knew that Dave wouldn't tie him up this kind of weather, and he knew that Dave didn't dare go to sleep,

either. His was a watchful, waiting game.

Dave's mouth hardened. He stepped onto the runner extensions and rode as much as he dared. And that wasn't for long. The cruel wind sought out every seam in his caribou calf parka. He could feel it gnawing into his bones as soon as the circulation dropped from lack of physical action.

Walk a half-hour—ride five minutes! He was glad that Dode Barlow couldn't see how often he was stumbling. Despite a vicious biting of his lips, which filled his mouth with the iron tang of blood, Dave's lids crept closer and closer together.

He wrestled with his pain-deadened brain for some way to avoid freeing his prisoner. In his four years as a Federal marshal with a roving commission that took him into every corner of the Territory and led him into some of the strangest scrapes with frontier criminals, he had never failed to return with his man. It looked as though that reputation would have to go by the board this trip. Small chance of meeting any one on the trail this weather, and three days to the nearest settlement. He'd never make it.

SUDDENLY, the lower half of Dode Barlow's body dropped from sight. Dave's head came up with a start. Then he saw that they were on the bank of Moose Creek. Mongol swung down onto the windswept ice at the prisoner's heels, while Dave rode the brake to keep the sled from running up onto the dogs. As his moccasined feet hit the frozen surface of the stream, something clicked in the back of his mind.

Moose Creek! Sure! He had come down through here earlier in the winter. He searched the ice with eager eyes. There they were! There were his old sled tracks! Barely visible; just a pair of faint white parallel lines, leading in from up the creek. Then they

were lost as they joined the main trail into Placer City. He called to Dode, who was heading down the creek.

"'Wha' yuh want?'" the prisoner growled as he turned at Dave's shout. The marshal swung a mitted hand up the creek. "This way," he said.

Barlow retraced his steps. Stopped at Mongol's head. "What you mean, that way? Thought you was takin' me in th Placer City."

"You heard me! This way!" Dave's voice was as cold as the ice under their feet.

A puzzled look crept into Barlow's eyes. He took a couple of steps past the team, but stopped again at the head of the sled. His eyes never left the marshal's face.

DAVE never knew what was in Barlow's mind, but the prisoner must have figured that he knew of some outfit camped up the creek, for he suddenly lunged. Dave slammed his right hand mitt to the ice and jerked out his gun just as Barlow grappled with him. They fell in a heap and Dave felt Dode's thick fingers close around his wrist.

They pulled away from each other, fighting for possession of the gun. Dave saw that the muzzle was pointed right at the pit of the prisoner's stomach, and he loosened his finger on the trigger. Now that he had figured a way of getting Dode in safely for trial, he had no idea of taking him in dead.

Slowly Dave twisted the gun. He could feel the skin on his wrist rolling back under Barlow's powerful grip. At last he had the muzzle turned and he jerked free. There was a muffled explosion and the acrid smell of burning caribou hair. He felt a searing acid-like streak cross his ribs. In jerking, he had pulled the trigger. Shot himself!

He jumped to his feet and covered the prisoner. His eyes followed the staring gaze of Dode Barlow. The parka had fallen back into place and the scorched hole through which the bullet had passed to scratch his ribs was now full on his left breast. He saw the crooked smile that crept into Dode's face.

Dave grinned to himself. Let the beggar think what he liked. If it made Barlow feel any better to think that he was shot through the lungs, let him hop to it. He was going to get some sleep pretty quick now. To Dave, that was the most important thing in the world right that minute.

The marshal swung the team around and motioned Barlow up the creek. On either side the cut banks rose ten or twelve feet straight up from the ice, some places narrowing up to fifty feet between them and at others widening to over a hundred. Moose Creek in the summer was a series of deep, quiet holes connected by swiftly running shallows that in many places could be forded without having to tie your watch around your neck.

Barlow followed the dim sled tracks

while Dave watched closely for the place he was certain he would recognize. Then he saw it. The sharp bend in the trail where a couple of months before Mongol had turned suddenly from the center of the stream and skirted close to the bank.

Dode Barlow knew what it was, too. He had started to continue straight ahead, but had hurriedly swung to the edge. Then Dave heard the hollow sound beneath his feet and a grin spread over his frost-scarred features.

Drum ice!

An early snow, that had melted under the caressing sweep of a warm chinook wind, had filled the creek. Then, a quick hard freeze had put a shell of ice across it. After that, the water had dropped.

Drum ice!

For a minute Dave Blaine forgot how sleepy he was. He faced the stinging wind without feeling the burn of the frost. He stopped the team, covered

"Drum Ice" is the second of a series of fiction stories featuring Dave Blaine, Alaskan marshal, written by Jack Allman, editor of the Matanuska Valley Pioneer of Palmer. Each story is complete in itself.

"Antidote," in the June issue, was the first of the series. In "Drum Ice," Dave Blaine pits his fists against a murderer who held the whip hand in as strange a prison as ever man invented. It is an intriguing tale.

Read the first installment here. The episode will be concluded in the August issue.

his prisoner with his gun, and grabbed the axe from under the sled lashings. He tossed it at Barlow's feet.

"All right," he snapped. "Chop a hole through her."

The quizzical look on the prisoner's face turned to black anger as he saw what was up. He pulled back the hood of his parka and looked Dave squarely in the eye. "I'll be damned if I will."

Dave took a step forward. His bare hand was blue with the cold, but the gun was steady. "I said, chop a hole."

For a long minute, the two men stood facing each other. The free sweep of the wind whipped their parka skirts around their knees and the frost hung heavy on their trimmed beards. Mongol, sensing the tenseness of the situation, growled deep in his throat.

Barlow's lip curled back from his tobacco stained teeth. "You don't dare shoot me. I'm not making any effort to escape."

"No. I wouldn't shoot you," snapped Dave. "But you've got two things sleep on me. Either chop the hole or I truss you up while I get some shut-eye. That means you freeze while I sleep. Which is it?"

Barlow grumblingly picked up the axe. Under Dave's direction, he cut a

hole three feet across through the eight-inch layer of ice.

"All right. Stand back." Dave stepped up and took a look. "Made to order," he remarked with a grin. "Down you go, Barlow."

Dode took a hesitant step forward. "You aren't going to keep me in there all night, are you?" he asked. "Why not?" snapped Dave. "It'll be warmer than up here in this damned wind. I'll drop you a robe."

After Barlow had dropped down into the hole, Dave lay on his belly and looked the ice chamber over carefully. Ten feet below the surface of the ice was the frozen muck and center of the creek bed. In the very center, between the two banks, was another strip of ice that marked the tremendous fall of the water. Both up and down stream the ice cave closed up tight where the shallows had been. A perfect overnight prison.

Dave rose with a tired smile. Drowsiness wrapped her cloak tightly around him, but he shook it off as he gathered some small pieces of dried willow along the bank. They'd have a bite to eat and then . . . Boy! What a sleep he was going to have! Good thing he'd remembered that drum ice! Barlow was safe and harmless now.

Dave had searched his prisoner that first night when he had tried to slip quietly from his bed. He'd taken his jackknife, his matches, everything. Barlow had nothing but his bare hands to work with, and where he could reach the roof—at the upper and lower ends—the ice was much thicker than where the hole had been cut. Yes! His prisoner was safe. Dode Barlow would stand trial.

Fighting his sanded lids, staggering, falling and dove to the core with sleepiness. Dave fed the dogs a half of a dried salmon apiece. He melted some ice and put some soup concentrate in the pot, then he dropped one of the wolf robes down the hole to Barlow and, throwing the other over his shoulders, squatted on his haunches before the tiny blaze.

As soon as the soup boiled he would share it with his prisoner, then roll up in the lee of the sled. The heat from the fire melted the frost from his whiskers and eyebrows, and the welcome warmth added weight to his lids. He nodded, caught himself, and swore quietly. Was ever a man so sleepy? Dave doubted it. He nodded again.

DAVE awakened with a start as he tipped off his heels. He reached with a quick, automatic motion for his gun, and then he saw Mongol's dim outline in the darkness that had fallen.

He spoke to the wise old malemute and cradled the leader's head in his arms. The feel of frost was in Dave's bones and he knew that the dog had saved him. Mongol's lean flanks quivered in the cutting wind as the marshal whispered his thanks into the pointed ears without a thought but that the dog understood his appreciation.

With an effort, Dave rose to his feet.
—Please turn to page 29

Anderson's Incubators

By H. A. Anderson

JUST as there is more than one way to skin a cat so is there, also, more than one way to hatch an egg. I've heard of several, ranging from the old reliable one of having the old hen do it herself, to where the Swede farm-hand, confined to his bed with a broken leg, hatched as many eggs as he could comfortably take care of. But down on Caribou Island, Skilak Lake, Alaska, we hit upon a new scheme. At the time we didn't think that it was a very startling discovery, in fact, we didn't think much about it at all, until one night about a month later we heard Pete Pringle tell about it over KNX.

WE had a small flock of White Leghorn chickens of the very latest model. You will know what I mean by "the very latest model," when I say that they would lay, and lay, but that was as far as they would go. The mother instinct had been completely bred out of them. They were perfectly willing to produce the eggs, but when we expected them to sit on a batch and raise a brood of chicks, they just couldn't be bothered. It was then that Mrs. Anderson suggested putting some eggs in the cormorants' nests, and letting them do the hatching.

Near the upper end of Skilak Lake there is a group of rocky islets where herring gulls and cormorants build their nests in the spring. The gulls in their easy-going, haphazard manner, prepare their nests like the fellow who always says, "that's good enough" or, "let it go at that." A shallow hole, scooped out in the dirt; a little moss or grass strewn around or, if built on the bare rock, a little moss crammed into a crack or thrown around a hollow. Just something to keep the eggs from rolling out. The cormorants, which seem to be more industrious, build their nests out of dry twigs like the eagles and hawks and, although they are not nearly as methodical in their nest-

building, the sticks being piled up rather loosely, they nevertheless build a quite substantial and neat-looking nest.

I was under the impression that the cormorant was a very well-known bird,

order, Steganopodes, whatever that means. The bird we have here is the double-crested cormorant (*P. auritus cinctatus*) and is commonly known as the shag. Length: about 30 inches. Prevailing color: greenish-black. In flight, the wing-motion is like that of the goose—slow. Cormorants feed entirely on fish and they are past mas-

ters of the art of fishing; so much so that in China they are tamed and used to catch fish for their masters, a ring being put around their necks to prevent them from swallowing their prey.

IT is a bird that has changed but little since pre-historic times. One need only to take a look at one of the very young birds to believe that. Birds are supposed to have descended from reptiles and a newly hatched cormorant has a decidedly reptilian appearance. Everyone loves a little fuzzy chick, or a little puppy or, even, a young pig, but only a mother cormorant could love a baby cormorant. They are positively repulsive looking. When at a distance from the nest, you see only the three or four snake-like necks sticking out and, as you approach, they strike at you with that peculiar motion of the cobra; drawing their heads 'way back and lunging forward. As for covering, even when they are quite large, they have the appearance of a duck-

ready for the roaster. Little, oily, black lumps that, for several days after birth, are so helpless that they can barely hold their heads up to receive food.

On the twentieth of June I brought a dozen eggs to an islet which we have since named "Incubator Rock." I emptied two of the nests and put six chicken eggs in each. The eggs taken from these nests were distributed among the other cormorants. I didn't know how the birds were going to take it so I rowed off a ways and watched them. They weren't slow in getting back again, but the two I

—Please turn to page 26



The theory that birds are descended from reptiles is given forceful verification in the appearance of the cormorants, shown on their nests at Skilak Lake, in the picture at the top. At the bottom is "Incubator Rock," so named after the author succeeded in an experiment of hatching domestic hen's eggs under the odd birds.

but lately so many persons have asked me about them, that perhaps a brief description and history would not be out of place.

Our scientists tell us that they belong to the family, Phalacrocoracidae;

Adventure On White Water

An Alaskan Experience

By C. T. Ashby

It was a care-free group of young men which left Juneau on the steamer Admiral Evans the latter part of May, 1937. Employed by the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer moving picture company, we were bound for Cordova and the Copper River where we were to man boats down the Abercrombie Rapids.

Abercrombie Rapids tears its wild, turbulent way through the canyon at Mile 50, on the Copper River. For wild water fury, the Abercrombie Canyon is second to none in Alaska—second to none on the continent! The Whitehorse Rapids, which took its toll in the famous gold-rush days, is tame in comparison to the Abercrombie Rapids.

Picture a canyon, three-quarters of a mile in length, less than a stone's throw in width, filled with an endless roar . . . demonic water in its wildest stage . . . leaping . . . writhing . . . actually an avalanche of glacier-fed fury, confined for a few minutes in the stricture of canyon walls, too narrow for the river's volume. . . .

For three weeks we awaited our ordeal while preliminary work was done. Pictures were taken of the magnificent mountain scenery and the glaciers.

Then the morning came!

"The cameramen are ready, boys! Make it snappy!" Jeff, the assistant director, came to our camp, gave his order quickly, and was gone. In the railroad car living quarters on the side tracks of the Copper River and Northwestern Railway, below the canyon, there was feverish activity—quiet voices, as we completed our dressing.

Rubber suits, BVD in shape, with inflated air pockets, supposedly capable of keeping us afloat, were put on under our clothing. The suits gave us an obese, barrel-like appearance. We looked at each other and grinned—short grins they were. . . . Just a few minutes, now, and we would be in that maelstrom of water—the Abercrombie Rapids. There was a tingle of excitement, I am sure, in every heart.

We were to portray reckless, Dawson-bound stamperers, shooting their boats down the Whitehorse Rapids, in "The Trail of '98."

That water down there looked bad . . . sounded bad . . . was bad!



The river roared . . . there were furiously boiling troughs to be navigated . . . currents . . . cross currents . . . a terrifying caldron.

We knew, however, that elaborate preparations had been made for our safety. We were to go down the rough stretch of water only to the big eddy, just below. Beyond the big eddy, which thrust its way upstream for a long distance against the muddy, silt-filled river, there was a still swifter, boulder-infested water that seemed really impassable. Everyone believed that no boat could possibly live in those rapids!

If a man should have the misfortune to go under in that silt-filled water there would be no help for him. It was the silt in these glacial streams that held a man down. No silt-filled river ever gave back a victim.

We felt certain—our employers were convinced—that any boatmen who missed getting out of the canyon via the last eddy would be done for . . . unless the men could save themselves by means of the elaborate safeguards that had been undertaken to prevent such a catastrophe . . . or some queer quirk of luck. . . .

TWO cables had been placed across the river, below the eddy. They were there, stretched taut, like huge violin strings. From one cable, shore to shore, hung a veritable web of ropes, right down to the water's edge. From the other, near the middle, rode two trolleys, which could be hauled back and forth by men on either shore.

Each trolley had a boson's chair attached and in each dangling chair was a lone occupant, a rope in his hands. Joe Boutin, an ex-service man, was in one of them. Al Daughters, Cordova school teacher, was in a life-boat trailing from the lower cable. The lone oarsman was maneuvering back and forth, practicing for quick action, should he be needed to pull one or more of us white-water men from the river, later on!

"All right, boys! All aboard!" Jeff was in the gasoline flat car. It had clattered back again as we were taking in the scene up river. We climbed on the car for the three-quarters of a mile ride to the head of the canyon.



A group of character men were donning their inflated suits. "Red" Thompson, famous double and stunt man, shaded his face in the sun.

The cameramen were on the steep bluffs, their cameras mounted on the tripods to point at the foaming water.

As we arrived, Jeff shouted, "All right, boys, the boats are down below! Get set!" We scrambled down to where the seven small craft of various sizes and shapes lay, side by side, in a long eddy. This was the point where the river gathered itself before its headlong rush through the gorge below.

Joe, the carpenter, came down among us. "Anything I can do, boys?" said his friendly voice. He had a hammer in his hand, suggestively. There was the pound of his hammer, then, as he drove a last nail, here and there. The river seemed to lap hungrily at our frail craft . . . the roar to threaten and dare us to come into it.

A group of character men who had previously arrived on the scene donned their inflated suits and completed dressing on the rocks. There was "Red" Thompson, famous double and stunt man for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. He shaded his face in the sun. Was fate, even now, planning his last act for him? But fate seemed only to smile, as always, at Red.

STANDING near Red, were several other almost equally famous doubles. Two were champion swimmers, specially chosen for this task. It was a friendly group that we had come to admire and respect. . . .

"Pete" and "Gus," friends of our
—Please turn to page 27

The Lucky Shrimpers

By Kenneth M. Nelson

PETERSBURG, Alaska, a tiny dot of civilization in a vast, primitive land of frowning, snow-capped mountains and icy, storm-tossed seas . . . a symbol of man's eternal challenge, hurred in the face of the arrogant, elemental forces of Old Dame Nature.

At five o'clock on this February morning, a few pitiful lights blinked eerily from the streets and wharves. A dark mass of gently rolling shadows and a tangle of ghostly swaying spars marked the fleet of fishing boats, huddled together at the wharf as if to pit their combined strength against the ominous shadows of the towering cliffs and menacing peaks across the harbor.

As I stood on the deck of one of these brave little ships this early morning, Robert W. Service's immortal lines flashed through my mind: "And the icy mountains hemmed you in With a silence you 'most could hear."—and I irreverently sympathized with Sam McGee's horror of burial in this "cold, pitiless land" and his deathbed wish to be cremated.

My thoughts were suddenly shattered, together with the early morning stillness, by the savage "Whop-pop-pop, whop-pop-pop" of a powerful, heavy-duty gas engine. The sharp explosions reverberated from the silent mountains like distant cannon. Another, and still another engine lent their voices to aid in breaking the awe-

some spell of an Alaskan winter night. The shrimp fleet was heralding a new day.

Shadowy figures were moving about the decks of half-a-dozen ships. The wharf planks snapped and squeaked as the deckhands leaped ashore to cast off the stiff mooring lines. One by one, the dark, phantom ships crept away from the dock, their sailing lights evincing a cheerful "All's well," as the boats snorted and popped confidently down the channel.

Aboard the trawler "Charles W.," our deckhand was methodically cussing and trying to untie a frozen spring line. The skipper opened a pilot house window just long enough to refer, none too civilly, to a deckhand who will persist in tying two half-hitches in February. Finally, we got under way. While the deckhand started activities down in the galley, the Skipper took an enormous chew of Copenhagen, squirted out through the window into the darkness, damned an almost invisible black can buoy, into which he nearly collided, and predicted another day of "Nawtherly weather."

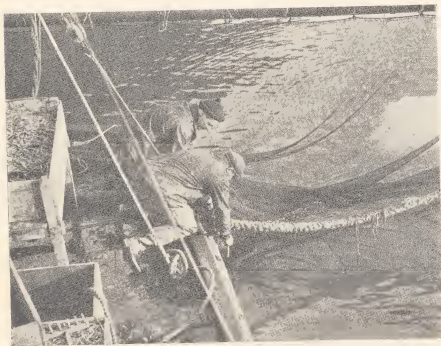
As we neared the end of the Narrows and emerged from the shelter of the mountains, a chilling wind whistled through the rigging. Some of the loose snow was swept off the decks and ratlines. As we passed out of the harbor, short, choppy seas attempted to prevent our escape from the mountain-

walled prison. The little vessel hesitated a second as if begging the Skipper to turn back, then threw herself gallantly on to the greater seas and tide-rips which tossed and heaved us in a last frantic effort to force us back. But we forged ahead through the maelstrom of leaping waters to the longer, deep water swells of the Sound. Finally, we squared away and, with the seas under our quarter, went racing off to the fishing grounds, twelve miles away.

The battered little craft rode like a duck, for she is one of the old timers, "Built," as the Skipper says, "before they forgot how to build boats!" She is a sixty-five-foot Gloucester fisherman type, drawing well over eight feet and with plenty of beam where beam belongs—well forward; tapering aft to a narrow, low, fan-tail stern. A raised poop extends about one-third



A large dip brailer is used to hoist the catch aboard from the trawl. The catch often includes such unwanted sea-life as eels, crabs, and cods and objects as sticks, stones and "what-have-you."



A shrimper may have to spend hours repeatedly tearing and mending the web of the huge trawl, a part of which is shown above, before he finds a clean bottom to drag in search of shrimp.

her length. At the break of the poop is a weather-beaten, match-box pilot house, some four feet square, the only structure above decks.

The Captain's quarters are aft, under the poop. Forward of his stateroom and under the pilot house, the engine room accommodates a fifty horsepower Troyer-Fox gas engine that has rattled and thumped faithfully since 1912.

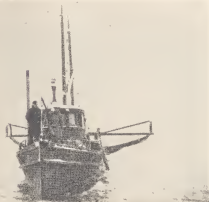
The deckhand's quarters and the galley are in the raised-deck fore-castle. Here the craft's staunchness is emphasized by mighty six-by-six beams, spaced twelve inches; six-inch by eighteen-inch knees at every joint and the solid bulkhead at the break of the fore-castle head.

"Not a squeak in 'er," said the Skip-

per. "She's either mighty rotten or mighty sound!" And, with a casual glance at the compass, he proceeded to give me the ship's history in a few words.

"An old geezer took seven years to build 'er. Worked in a shipyard and built this old slab in his spare time. She was built for canvas, but before she was finished gas engines came in style, so he powered her with that stamp mill down there." Pointing down toward the engine room, to indicate the "stamp mill," he continued, "She fished halibut until prohibition. Then she ran booze for several years, as an outside supply boat for the fast shore runners. Got caught with a fine outfit of halibut fishing gear on deck and a load of Scotch in the hold.

"My boss bought her from the Fed-



Small boats such as this often give credit to luck in getting through hazardous spots and storms of hurricane force en route to and from the shrimping grounds.

erals, sold the fishing gear for nearly as much as he paid for the old crate, put sixteen-ton of concrete ballast in the old girl and made a shrimper out of 'er."

What a career! What a share of man's endeavors, disappointments, tragedies, heroism, yes, and weakness, this gray hulk had witnessed! What a yarn she could spin were she able to talk! To me, all ships have a soul. It seemed that this one was eager to unburden her secrets to me as she patiently loped along. And I have a hunch the Skipper's thoughts paralleled mine as he finished his log of the ship's life.

"I guess she'll wind up her days on an Alaskan boneyard one of these days. I've piled her up on a couple rock piles, but she's too ornery to stay put."

"Which led me to inquire, "Do you fellows ever collide with ice-bergs out here, at night, or in thick weather?"

"Yeah, I hit one a glancing blow, one night last winter. Punched a hole in 'er you could have heaved a cat through. We rammed a bunch of canvas in the gap and nailed some boards over it, started the pumps and beat it for town. Just got to the shipyards in time. Water was over the engine room floor. The 'Charles T.' hit one last fall. She was making nine knots and plowed



There are five kinds of Alaska shrimp. At extreme right is the coon shrimp; then from top to bottom are the side stripes, the pink, the humpback and spots, the latter being least plentiful but growing to the largest size, often over 8 inches.

into a berg, big as a house. Stove in her bow and upset a pot of mulligan all over the galley, but they made it back to town before she got loggy. Guess we've all been lucky."

And that was that, it seemed. They hit bergs, "sure," but were lucky enough to make it back to town before they foundered in this icy water! For a life-boat they carried a ten or twelve-foot skiff that might last ten minutes in these wind and tide disrupted seas. Then a man might be able to swim for five minutes in the bitterly cold water before cramps finished him. But, with the age-old philosophy of ships and sailormen they declared, "Guess we've all been lucky."

We were interrupted by a call to breakfast and, while the deckhand stood a tricky act at the wheel, the Skipper and I ate a perilous meal. Rolling and heaving in rhythm with his ship and stowing away a generous cargo of ham and eggs, he explained the principles of the shrimp trawl.

A fifty-foot wooden beam forms the backbone of the trawl. At each end of the beam an iron runner is bolted and well braced. They are constructed and installed to serve as a guide for the trawl in its climbing and twisting along the bottom. They form the two ends of the web, which is made up in the shape of a big sack, with a heavy line opposite the beam to form the fourth side.

WHEN in action, the trawl resembles a great bag, fifty feet long, four feet wide at the ends and about eighteen feet deep. Heavily tarred web of three-quarter inch mesh has been found to be the most suitable. The trawl is slowly towed along the bottom, the beam side up, and at right angle to the ship's course.

The big scoop is handled by a half-inch cable fastened to the beam and the two runners by a well-balanced bridle. The cable is led to the hoisting winch through a block at the end of a powerful boom, to facilitate hoisting the trawl clear of the water for brailing, stowing and repairs.

Making a trawl is a complicated task, requiring much skill and experience. No two Skippers agree as to the proper proportions and construction of a trawl, so each drag has its maker's ideas, good and bad, incorporated in its construction.

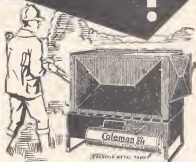
The trawl is most efficient when barely moving along the bottom. It must be carefully guided around rocks, snags and other obstructions and must be kept at, or near, an even depth, following the contours of the bottom.

THE fisherman learns the bottom only through years of experience. Whenever his trawl hangs up on a rock or what-not, he must stop, lift the trawl to the surface and often has to spend hours at carefully mending the torn web. He can usually determine the nature of the obstacle encountered by the damage done to his web and must learn the size of the nuisance, log it precisely in his mental map of the district, take bearings on shore to avoid another hang-up and, if possible, find a smooth course around the foul ground.

A man may have to spend hours of repeatedly tearing and mending his web before he finds a clean bottom to drag. The old timers have painfully located the foul ground and are constantly adding to their knowledge of the country. It is obvious that the longer a man is in the game the more valuable he is to his employers.

The Skippers keep a complete log of

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every haul made, including the date, time of day, depth fished, length of haul, amount of shrimp caught, quality of the shrimp and the exact location of the bottom fished. This data is invaluable to them, for they must use their own judgment in choosing their hauls for each day's fishing.

Great rivalry prevails between the boats. Each Skipper tries to out-fish the rest of the fleet and catch the best quality of shrimp.

One mistake may spoil a whole day's fishing, due to time lost in fruitless trawling and time spent in repairing torn web. Through a small error or slight carelessness, boats have been dismantled, trawls permanently lost, men's tempers completely disrupted and, occasionally, men have been hurt by falling rigging and whipping, snapping cables.

Storms have been known to rise to hurricane force in a few minutes. This is just one of Alaska's expressions of ill-temper. Fishermen caught in exposed, storm-tossed waters must work like mad to get their trawls aboard.

Imagine a fifty-foot trawl, whipping, slapping demon suspended in the air from a thrashing boom . . . straining rigging . . . the boat pitching and rolling in the trough of the sea, with perhaps a ton of shrimp and mud to be brailled out of the trawl—and you have a picture of two men with their hands full! Sure-footed and lightning-fast, they fight desperately to save their outfit. A landsman would be hard put to hang on and keep from being swept over the side. One mismove by a fisherman—one defect or weakness in the rigging—might result in chaos.

A HUNDRED-YARD gap between boiling reefs is the entrance to Thomas Bay, a protected shrimping ground. The boats reserve this bay for winter fishing. The calm inside the reefs is like a cosy, warm room to one coming in out of a blizzard. The mountain-walled inlet is some four miles long and varies in width from one to three miles. It is the crooked, twisted path of an ancient glacier, whose corpse lies at the head of the bay.

A forlorn reminder of a mighty monster, the old glacier is now just a dirty, freckled chunk of dead ice, his stern face no longer a menace. In his historic rampage he little dreamed that he was gouging out a trawler's paradise, else he would never have left the smooth, level bottom as the hide-and-seek playground of shrimp and shrimpers.

As the ship plowed importantly into the bay, she was the scene of a long practiced efficiency. Quickly and with no wasted moves, the winch was started. The trawl was unlashd and, with a splash and creak of frozen, complaining rigging, the big fifty-foot scoop was swung overboard. Thirty fathoms of cable went singing through the blocks, the engine speed was reduced to dead slow. The trawl sank to the bottom.

The Skipper, his head protruding

fully three feet out of the pilot house window, nonchalantly whistled a tune, in time with the patient "Chuck-chuck-chuck," of the exhaust. The deckhand arranged the boxes on the deck ready to receive the shrimp to be brailled out of the trawl; coiled up a line or two, waved to another boat, fishing near-by and clambered down the galley companion to attack the breakfast dishes. It was seven a. m.

Slowly, the little ship was maneuvered along the shore, occasionally changing course to keep the trawl at the proper depth or clear of hidden foul ground that the Skipper knew was lurking down there to rip and tear his web. He watched the cable closely, for by the angle and movements of the cable he can tell precisely at what depth he is fishing and whether the trawl is pulling straight or staggering. He watched the shore also, to judge his speed, which he regulated by slowing or accelerating the engine.

Whenever the trawl was stopped by a hill or mud-bank, the wheel was thrown hard over one way, then the other, and the boat zigzagged back and forth until the trawl was worked around or over the foul spot. An hour of this and the Skipper decided to "pick up."

THE powerful, growling winch was started and the cable reeled in. The beam was raised about ten feet in the air, parallel with the boat; the two men quickly lifted the web at each end of the trawl, rolling the shrimp to the center. The beam was lowered to the level of the deck and, with a few more deft pulls and twists of the web, the trawl was ready to brail.

With the aid of the winch, a big dip brailer was used to hoist the catch aboard. Here it was dumped on the sorting table, a wiggling, flopping mess of shrimp, fish, eels, crabs, sticks, small stones and "what-have-you." Four or five brailer loads . . . the trawl was empty, and after a hasty examination to make sure there were no serious holes in the web, the trawl was again dumped overboard. While the deckhand cleaned and sorted the catch, another haul was made.

To facilitate handling, the shrimp are stowed in boxes, two feet wide, one foot high, by four feet long. A full box weighs approximately two hundred pounds and will hold about forty thousand shrimp of average size.

With a few quick moves, the mud, fish, crabs and other unwanted sea-life were thrown overboard, where these "delicacies" were pounced upon and fought over by the scores of screaming seagulls that had been hovering about ever since we started to brail. And what an assortment of sea-life it was! Tiny rock crabs, eels, minnows and other curious, wriggling life of every description; monster spider crabs, flounders, sole; hundreds of small codfish; a couple of comparatively small devil-fish and about a dozen assorted red-snappers. This relative of the cod is an ugly, red colored

—Please turn to page 20

ARMS and AMMUNITION

CLAUDE AIKEN, Editor

HAVING just returned from a trip from Ketchikan to beyond Seward as far as the new Matanuska Valley colony of Palmer, it seems fitting that we record some of the impressions received during our altogether too short stay up there, especially those that pertain to the country from the sportsman's viewpoint.

There is no question but that district of Alaska is going ahead by leaps and bounds. Evidence of activity is to be seen on every hand. This activity is probably much more easily discerned by the new comer than by those who have resided there for some time.

This progress means just what increased population has always meant to the game animals—they are simply going to catch hell!

There is imperative need for live, working sportsmen's organizations with large memberships in every town in Alaska, all working together and under one head for the common good if the game is to be protected and preserved. It is of just as much importance to the residents of Southeastern Alaska that the game of the Interior be safeguarded as it is that the game in his own district be protected.

There is no question about the shortage of game wardens and protective equipment for the proper enforcement of game laws and we should say that if the present set up of men, money and boats were multiplied by three it would be none too great, but before law enforcement can be successful it

must be backed by public opinion and co-operation, which means LAW OBSERVANCE.

New laws, new regulations—all the law that can or will be enacted will be of no avail unless back of law and regulation there is a spirit of law observance. We Americans have the law-passing "itch." Just by passing a law we are prone to think that the thing is settled. We cannot "kid ourselves" any longer.

Our past prohibition laws, our traffic laws—with last year's record of thirty-six thousand killed and a million injured—should have just about taught us the futility of passing laws. Passing a law without backing it up is nothing more or less than "passing the buck."

Right here is where the game clubs must step into the picture. We should not worry too much over more laws. The sportsmen's clubs now organized and to be organized must do their utmost to create public pride in the conservation of game. The public must take an interest in it and co-operate with the sportsmen. Every man, woman and child in Alaska must be taught to feel a sense of pride in the fact that Alaska is ranked one of the greatest game countries in the world. They must be taught to feel a sense of responsibility in keeping it so. When this is accomplished we shall not need so many game wardens and the laws will be few and simple.

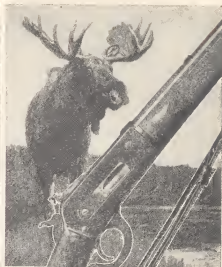
Gentlemen and gentlewomen: we ask that you think this over and if it appears right, let's get going!

Nothing we heard or saw on the trip caused us to change our opinion an iota regarding rifles. To me, the 30-06 is still the best all around rifle.

The man who owns an '06, properly sighted and in good condition, has all the rifle he needs and one that will shoot better than any he will want—one that will kill any animal on the American continent in a businesslike manner.

However, don't brag too much about the variety of ammunition that can be had for the 30-06, for you will do well to find the proper load for your requirements and stick to it like a true patch.

Every time the load is changed the sights have to be changed and it becomes a terrible mental strain trying to remember just where the sights should be set for each variety of cartridge. I know—because I have been through the whole process—and generally remembered wrong.



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THE LUCKY SHRIMPERS

(Continued from page 18)

specie similar to the eastern catfish. His bladder pops out of his mouth when he is brought to the surface, due to release of deep-water pressure.

THERE are five kinds of shrimp in Alaskan waters. They are, namely: pinks, side-stripes, coons, humpbacks and spots, the latter being the largest and growing to a length of over eight inches. They are the least plentiful and are sometimes known as "fry shrimp" as they are very delicious when fried. The pinks and side-stripes are the most numerous and form the bulk of any shrimp pack.

In twenty minutes this conglomeration of sea-life was all overboard and the shrimp in the boxes, stowed two boxes high and numbering six boxes in all—not a bad haul. The Skipper was all smiles for, with the six boxes aboard at eight-thirty, he had a good start on a record day's fishing.

After three hours of slowly chugging along—the old engine down in the ship's bowels clanking and rattling with the patience of Job—the Skipper remarked that "She's pulling heavy," meaning that we either had a good haul of shrimp or, that bugaboo of shrimpers, a load of blue glacier mud.

The protesting winch growled away at reeling in the cable and at the first growl, scores of the ever hungry seagulls came winging toward us. They had long since learned that the rumble of the great winch precedes a choice batch of sea-life, brought to the surface, then thrown overboard. Screaming desperately, they glide and side-slip around the boat, preparatory to their mad free-for-all when the deck-hand starts to clean the catch.

Slowly the trawl was hoisted to the surface, heavy indeed, for the winch could barely lift the beam to the level of the dock. The hauler was quickly manipulated by the happy crew, for we had "hit 'em heavy," and had a fine haul of shrimp. Soon the sorting table was full and six boxes of bright red, kicking shrimp were cleaned and stowed. Laughing and shouting, the two men brailed and sorted the rest of the catch until the trawl was finally empty. Quickly the trawl was brought aboard and lashed securely, the web hung up to dry. We started for home. It was twelve-thirty p. m.

—Please turn to page 23

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VICTOR SHAW, Editor

A department of mines and minerals for prospectors and mining men.
Letters and contributions will be welcomed.

DURING these depression years we have come to realize as never before the value of gold in matters of domestic and international finance. The humble prospector has been jerked from obscurity to the center of the national stage. He is having a New Deal of his own and is squarely in the spotlight of nation-wide publicity.

It is not surprising that gold hunting should have strong appeal among jobless men—that they should be eager for the trail to “them thar hills,” with its hunting and fishing and the promise of rich discovery and no boss to say “do” or “don’t”—that they should hit for the hills and streams in thousands, seeking a living by the pick-and-pan method.

The trouble is that few of us can troll off into the wilderness and stumble over a fortune—or even gold enough to make wages. There are tricks to this trade that are a distinct aid to success and which must first be learned. Hence, the nation's schools of mines have bestirred themselves to provide free instruction in basic principles.

Mining departments of universities in the States and Alaska have for years conducted short courses in mining fundamentals. They were open to the general public, but, being conducted at these institutions, few except residents could afford to travel and take advantage of the opportunities offered. In view of this, arrange-

ments have been recently made for the Mountain to come to Mahomet; to bring such courses within the reach of all.

In Nevada, for example, instructors and full equipment are being moved from town to town in large auto trucks. The only charge to students is one dollar to five dollars each for chemicals and laboratory breakage during the three to four weeks' course in each community. Last year, two trucks thus served one thousand students in twenty-four communities throughout the State.

Nor has the University of Alaska overlooked this method of helping new prospectors and all small-scale miners; men who are sorely needed here today to develop our enormous mineral resources. Last fall, an extension of the regular course at Fairbanks was brought to the larger coast towns by boat. It met with an enthusiastic reception.

In addition to the course, because Alaska's population is comparatively small and is so widely scattered at distances from towns, a series of lectures on mining subjects was broadcast from Ketchikan and Anchorage radio stations. They were arranged and sponsored by Dean James H. Hance of the University of Alaska School of Mines. The talks included such subjects as: Mineralogy and Geology—Mining and Development of a

—Please turn to page 26



The University of Alaska near Fairbanks, shown above, is carrying mining knowledge to interested Alaskans, not only through courses at the college itself, but by radio and extension courses in the principal Alaskan towns.

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J. P. ANDERSON, Editor

THE flower illustrated this month is known as wax plant, single delight and one flowered pyrola. The botanists call it *Monases uniflora*, although there is a second form known as *M. reticulata* which has larger leaves, strongly veined. *Monases uniflora* is circumpolar in distribution, while *M. reticulata* is found from Alaska to Washington, in the woods. *Monases* is derived from the Greek *monos*, one; *esis*, delight.

Closely related to this plant is the genus *Pyrola*. As a matter of fact, many European botanists consider the two genera as one. The *Pyrolas* are known as wintergreen. They have pink or white flowers, more cup shaped than *Monases*, so that some species are often called wild lily-of-the-valley, although the latter name is more properly applied to a member of the same



PHOTO BY MAXINE WILLIAMS

There are at least eight species of the *Pyrola*, one of which is pictured above; it is the wax plant, also known as the single delight and one flowered pyrola.

family as the cultivated form. *Pyrolas* have a tuft of basal shining evergreen leaves resembling those of the pear tree. There are eight species in Alaska known to the writer.

The *Pyrola* family is closely related to the Heather family, and there are several interesting alpine members of the latter family blooming during July. Among these may be mentioned white mountain heather (*Cassiope*—three species), yellow false heather (*Phyllodoce glanduliflora*), alpine azalea (*Loiseleuria procumbens*), and copper bush (*Cladanthamnus pyrolaeiflorus*). The bearberry or kinnikinnick (*Arctostaphylos uva-ursi*) is one of the commonest of trailing evergreen shrubs from Haines and Skagway, north and west.

So many plants bloom during July that a skilled botanist in going from beach to mountain top can collect one hundred fifty different species if, on the way, he passes through swamp and woods.

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THE LUCKY SHRIMPERS

(Continued from page 20)

As the old ship plowed victoriously homeward, the last of the haul was sorted and stowed. It totaled twenty-two boxes, the largest haul made by any boat in the fleet during the month. With the six boxes caught earlier in the day, we had twenty-eight. The largest single haul ever made in the district is twenty-seven boxes, a record that each crew is constantly seeking to break. A bit of mental arithmetic showed that our day's catch of twenty-eight boxes would weigh approximately fifty-six hundred pounds or over two and three-quarter tons! At forty thousand per box, we had raked in well over a million shrimp!

As we left the sheltered fishing grounds, the merciless wind again barred our way. And listen, you sailors, you "ain't seen nothing" until you buck a "Stikine wind" from Thomas bay to Petersburg, Alaska! Twelve miles of the most devilish water that the combined efforts of Satan and Neptune can furnish. Wind that has inherited the long-pentup wrath of the numberless ancient glaciers back in those forbidding mountains.

The little ship struggled frantically to keep her head up in the face of the overwhelming odds. Her long clipper bow rose until it pointed almost straight up to the leaden skies. The engine worked desperately to keep the wheel turning over. We crept over the white crest of each green monster, then down to the valley we plunged, the bow smashing into the next wave in a blinding sheet of spray. The Skipper did his best to help the old girl along, quartering the larger seas and grasping every opportunity to gain a few yards with the unerring judgment of a seaman who knows his ship. The boat shone like newly-washed window panes, the spray freezing to spars, rigging and decks in a solid sheet of ice.

For a few minutes, while we were sheltered in the lee of a small island, we hurriedly downed a meal that the deckhand had somehow prepared. Man, but that coffee tasted good! Past the island and floundering along in the darkness, we finally staggered through the tide-rips at the harbor entrance and the little gray sea-horse sailed quietly down the calm narrows. Seven hours it had taken us to come twelve miles, but with the stoicism of the sea, the storm was forgotten immediately by both ship and crew.

We landed, first, at the shrimp cannery, unloaded our day's catch in a few minutes and took aboard a couple-dozen empty shrimp boxes for tomorrow's cargo. Then back to our berth at the float with the rest of the fleet, a good day's work well done. The deckhand did some more expert cussing over frozen lines, the throbbing engine ceased its clamor, and, with a tired sigh, the old vessel seemed to drop into the slumber of an exhausted laborer.

"Another day, another dollar," said we.

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Rod and Reel Department

J. F. VAN GILDER, Editor.

THE subject of artificial lures is one
that few fishermen know much
about. At the same time, it is a subject
about which every fisherman should
have a good working knowledge.

Trout will strike at lures that resem-
ble nothing native to their stream and
for this reason it is not always neces-
sary to have lures that resemble some-
thing common to the bill of fare of
their home waters. Of course, we are
not advocating that a person waste his
time fishing with lures that trout do
not want and won't take, but we do
maintain that many fishermen return
home empty-handed when it was pos-
sible to have a nice mess of trout to
show for the work.

For instance, we have repeatedly
caught "bouncing" big rainbows on a
little plug called a "Trout-Oreno,"
which resembles nothing that ever
comes near any stream in Southeast-
ern Alaska, when artificial flies closely
resembling the real thing flying around
above the stream have failed to get a
raise.

Many times have we gone to a
stream and made fine catches with
flies, plugs and other artificial lures
when other parties of fishermen on the
same stream went fishless using baits
that should have been in season and
were native to that stream.

We have repeatedly had information
from fishermen on the westward that
the rainbows of the Kenai district will
not rise to flies for the reason that
there are no flies native to that dis-
trict upon which the trout will feed.
It seems to us that the boys are pass-
ing up added fun in fishing by not
using flies because several non-resi-
dent fishermen who have been to the
streams in the Kenai district have re-
ported that they caught all the fish
they wanted when the trout came
right up to the surface after artificial
lures, mostly flies.

We do not advocate buying every
gadget that is sold on the market, but
we certainly believe that every fishing
kit should contain at least a repre-
sentative of each of the following: flies,
dry and wet; spinner fly, especially
one with a very small copper-colored
spinner and red or brown colored fly;
Trix-Oreno, the fly-rod size; plug, a
small one in two or three colors; pork
rind, especially for use in combination
with flies and spinners; and last, but
by no means least—an artificial moose.

The above lures are small and most
of them are quite inexpensive, but they
certainly will give the Alaska fisher-
man the wherewithal to increase his
catches when the season is not quite
right or water conditions are not just
ideal. Try some of these lures some
time and see how much more of inter-
est there is to trout fishing than when
genuine bait is used. The memory of a

big one coming to the surface for a
floating lure will certainly remain
long after the blind tug of bait fishing
is forgotten.

The same remarks hold true of salm-
on fishing, although the lures cannot
be used on the surface. Fishing for
"silvers" or cohoes takes on added
speed when spinner-flies, buck tail
flies, Trix-Orenos and plugs are used.
For genuine sport, try some of these
some time when the cohoes are run-
ning. Use a casting rod and reel and
cast over the place where the salmon
are known to be, but don't let the lure
sink lower than six feet below the
surface.

You will get a surprise and a thrill
when you are turned loose with one of
these bouncing baubles on light tackle
after he has slashed at such a lure
while under high speed.

Be sure to reel in the cast fast
enough so that the salmon will take a
bite at the lure without waiting to
taste it. However, when a coho takes
up his mind to strike, he will strike
fast and doesn't ordinarily wait to
look over the lure very closely.

Be sure to have a hundred yards of
line on the reel or you won't have any
leeway when he starts for parts un-
known. Try this with an eight ounce
rod, an eighteen pound line and a ten
pound leader. If you land him you are
a pretty good fisherman.



Here are the big smile, the trout and
prize button Bill Selfridge displayed
recently after winning a weekly con-
test among Ketchikan fishermen.



The Alaska Sportsmen's Association

WHEN our forefathers blazed a trail into a new forest, their law was in accordance with the code of the wilderness. Violators were dealt justice from the hip or the whip. The game that abounded in the forest and on the plains was their means of livelihood. They killed only what they needed for existence.

After the rugged, unexplored reaches had been conquered and civilization with its industries and increased population had taken root, there followed the inevitable and regrettable situation that has befallen all largely populated areas. Then came the necessity for law enforcement agencies to help protect those who strove to build against the ruthless poaching of those who strove to tear down by destroying and looting the natural game resources. The individual turned over enforcement to public servants to be employed and in thus shifting responsibility felt little personal concern in guarding the natural wealth of the land.

Since the earliest days of our history down to the present day, society has been menaced by the irresponsible destructive work of the human wolverines who strive for personal gain at the expense of honest men. A distorted intellect, an irresponsible nature or lack of concern for the future led them to dishonest methods and to lack of respect for any law which hampered what they considered their own well-being.

At the present time Alaska is confronted with a serious situation with regard to her game supply for the future. Her vast expanse of isolated area and sparse population, renders it impossible for duly constituted authorities such as the Game Commission to adequately patrol the country in the enforcement of the laws for the protection of Alaska's wildlife. The violator has in many places a clear field with little danger that the law will catch him at an illicit kill. Often, in remote districts, he has a free hand and may kill as he desires whether for his own greedy pleasure or for an illicit market.

The fate of Alaska's wildlife lies in the hands of the sportsman, the woodsman and all outdoor people. Not until they consider it their duty to report all violators and insist that justice be dealt, will the situation be relieved to any appreciable degree.

No one individual or one body of men, banded together though they may be for the purpose of game preservation, can hope to accomplish much in the way of keeping Alaska "The Sportsman's Paradise" and perpetuating the present supply of fish and game. The combined efforts of all in-

terested are needed in the war on the human wolverine.

The Alaska game laws state that no person shall take more than three male deer in one year, yet it is an open secret that certain individuals take as many as ten to fourteen deer in a year, in and out of season. The bag consists as often of does and fawns as bucks, to which the take is restricted. Sheep, goats, moose and caribou are likewise taken in illegal numbers by selfish game hogs who care not for the future.

It is considered a serious moral offense as well as an illegal one to destroy or mutilate a cabin or cache. Yet, the wilderness outlaws do not give a thought to the traveler in search of shelter and will carelessly burn and destroy cabins with reckless abandon.

Boats, left on lakes by sportsmen for use by others so long as they are not mutilated, have been found shot full of holes or cut loose, to drift over the falls. Stored frying pans and coffee pots have been used as targets by the spoilers and other atrocities have been committed. Yet many a person, happening upon vandals in the act, will refrain from reporting such things to the authorities lest he be termed a "stool pigeon."

The term "stool pigeon," which the law-breaker tries to pin indiscriminately upon any person who reports unlawful acts, has been much abused and mis-used. Webster's defines a stool-pigeon as "a person used as a decoy for others; especially one who unofficially acts as a spy for the police."

No self-respecting person would wish to decoy another into a crime, much less be paid for acting in such a capacity, but a person who inadvertently witnesses an illegal act against the government and then reports it to the hired servants of the public—the police—should be termed a patriot just as much as one who might report a war-time act against the government.

The Alaska Sportsmen's Association is pledged to support duly constituted authorities in the preservation of wildlife and is one organization, at least, that intends to keep Alaska the Sportsman's Paradise—call it stool-pigeoning if one will.

The need for protection of wildlife is now being felt throughout the Territory. Practically all leading communities have sportsmen's organizations. They are on the watch to better hunting and fishing conditions in the community and the conservation of wildlife in the Territory.

An urgent plea is made for sportsmen to join such organizations as have conservation for their object that all may help in bringing the human wolverines, who are poaching upon the law-abiding citizen's rights, to justice.

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THE SLUCE BOX

(Continued from page 21)

Prospect—Ore Dressing and Metallurgical Problems and the Relation of the School of Mines to Mineral Development in Alaska.

The extension courses were given wide publicity in the local press, but it now appears that the news failed to reach many interested Alaskans. Therefore, at the request of the mining department of The Alaska Sportsman, Dean Hance prepared an article especially for this magazine in which he explains the plans and objectives of the movement in Alaska. The full text of the article by Dean Hance follows:

THE new mining extension work of the University of Alaska has met with a hearty response on the part of prospectors and others interested in mineral development. The first classes were opened in Juneau early in October, 1935, and the interest there was such that two series of courses were given, lasting through December. About two hundred fifty attended the classes. They spent most of the time in a study of mineralogy and geology. Lectures by outsiders on special topics such as Federal Financing of New Mining Enterprises, Mining Law, and so on, enlarged upon the work of H. G. Wilcox, who is instructor in immediate charge.

Early in January a similar course of six weeks was given at Ketchikan, and this was followed by a course at Petersburg. Arrangements were made so that men in the CCC camps could take the work, and one hundred twenty-two enrollments of such men indicated the interest in these organizations. In early April the total enrollment in mining extension work was about four hundred twenty-six with still another course planned for Wrangell during April and the first half of May.

A special territorial appropriation enables the University to supply materials for laboratory work as well as instruction and this new phase of the University's service to the people of the Territory promises to become one of increasing importance. The appropriation is for a two-year period and present plans are to continue work in the fall of 1936 in the Third Judicial Division in such places as Seward, Anchorage, Cordova and Valdez.

Because the mining interests are scattered over a wide stretch of territory where travel is difficult and expensive and because our funds for the work are limited, such a division of the first two seasons was made. It is hoped that further developments will make apparent to the Legislature and to the University administration to what extent this work should be provided for by further appropriation.

Registration in the short course in mining given at the University during November and December, 1935, totaled twenty-two. The courses offered included Geology, Mineralogy, Mining Methods, Ore Dressing, Fire Assaying, and Camp Cookery.

Late in December, several cases of scarlet fever developed in Fairbanks and quarantine regulations there prevented the short course people residing in Fairbanks from attending and completing the class work on the campus in January. This unforeseen emergency was regrettable, and the University administration hopes that no such interruption will interfere with

the short course work planned for the fall of 1936 which is to open November 7 and continue through December to January 9, 1937.

In addition to the extra-curricular work just referred to, by which the University of Alaska carries its educational facilities to many who are unable to arrange for regular work in residence, a series of eight short lectures on Mineral Resource Development in Alaska was prepared by the staff of the School of Mines and broadcast from KFQD at Anchorage and KGBU at Ketchikan. The topics discussed included Mineralogy, Geology, Mining, Milling, and Tool Tempering. In a brief summary, attention was called to the strategic position of the University of Alaska, both as an educational institution and as a center of research for Alaskan problems. It is hoped that these short lectures will prove helpful to some of the radio listeners and will indicate to our territorial residents the facilities and opportunities for service which their University now offers.

ANDERSON'S INCUBATORS

(Continued from page 14)

had given the chicken eggs to sat down alongside their nests and didn't seem quite satisfied, so, for a while, I was afraid that the experiment was to be a failure from the start. They looked down at the eggs, looked around, then took another look at the eggs. Too many eggs, not quite the same color and of just a little different shape! But I guess they could count only to four, for they finally settled down as if nothing had happened.

TWENTY-ONE days later, I went back, prepared with hot-water bottles, a washtub and some cotton batting. The press accounts, of course, running true to newspaper form, were exaggerated. I did not, as the Yankee Reporter said, "Go around with a basket and gather up the fuzzy chicks." But, I did gather up the eggs, nearly all of which were pipped and all of which hatched the following morning. They produced as healthy and as strong chicks as I've ever seen.

As soon after examining the eggs as I had satisfied myself that they had reached the proper stage of incubation, I left them in the nests and went down to the waters' edge and built a fire to heat some water. The old cormorants came right back and kept the eggs warm while the water was being heated, even though I had the fire built less than fifty feet from their nests.

As soon as I had my hot-water bottles filled, I gathered the eggs, put them in the tub with the cotton batting and hot-water bottles and covered them carefully. Before I left, I saw to it that my incubator cormorants each had their three eggs to sit on. I'm not saying that they were the same three eggs I had taken away from them, but when I went back a few days later each had three young and seemed as content as if the babies were really their own. It would have been a nasty trick to have those poor birds sit on

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my chicken eggs for three weeks and get nothing for their pains.

You may wonder why we didn't let the cormorants complete the hatching process. Well, in the first place, their nests are literally alive with fleas and we didn't want to expose the tiny chicks to a swarm of blood-sucking vermin. And, in the second place, we didn't know how the old birds would treat their foster children. The fleas could, perhaps, be combatted with a good dose of Buhach powder, but if we let the cormorants hatch out the chicks we'd have to take them away and we couldn't very well replace them with young cormorants. An egg is an egg, but—a young cormorant is probably not exactly like another young cormorant.

Since last summer, the cormorants in this locality have had a new name. They used to be called shags, but now when a *Phalacrocorax auritus* cincinnatus passes Coopers Landing you'll often hear someone say, "There goes one of Anderson's incubators!"

ADVENTURE ON WHITE WATER

(Continued from page 15)

Juneau group, were already in their seine boat, testing its stability.

I had been assigned to another boat and went to look at it.

Jeff was among us again. "All ready, boys, get into your boats." There was the clatter and bump of oars as they were put in place.

I stood at the sweep-oar of our boat. Frank Olsen was at the side oars as we made ready. He could handle those oars. I felt safe with him. He and his forebears had been Norse fishermen.

Jeff gave final instructions. "All right, boys. I'm going back to the cameras. When you see a white flag waving, get started. Everyone together. The cameramen want to catch you in a bunch."

We could see the cameramen dimly on the bluff as we looked down stream. The distant roar seemed to grow louder. A chill breeze blew up river. We shivered, nervously tense, as we waited.

THEN came the signal. "It's waving! The flag is waving!"

It was difficult to get out of the eddy into the river. It was a mill-race out there, but finally, after several slight collisions of our boats in the cross-currents, we were on our way.

First, there was a giant, curling wave, an angry white-cap tumbling over it. We went through. It marked the beginning of the rapids. We were in an avalanche of water, it seemed. The river roared. There were furiously boiling troughs to be navigated . . . currents . . . cross currents, churning this way and that . . . a terrifying caldron. We rushed along it, the men at the sweeps trying to keep the boats headed straight .

Comber after comber tossed us . . . tried to blanket us . . . we were

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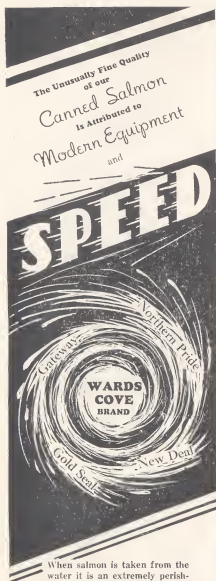
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in a roaring, hissing, topsy-turvy world of wild water. Spray wetted us as we rode on. As we passed the cameramen we glanced up. We saw their arms turning. Then we seemed alone again . . . no time to look and see how the other boats were making it. . . .

We raced toward the eddy ahead. It was important that we make it . . . maybe mean life or death. "All right, Frank! Give her hell!" I yelled, trying to make myself heard above the roar. Frank bent his back to the oars, putting every ounce of his energy behind them.

We were in the eddy . . . then on shore! Our performance was over. I rested against the side of the boat.

"We made it, Frank!" I shouted.

"I knew WE would," he declared. But there was a question in his eyes as he scanned the river. I looked out. No boats were in view . . . just that messed-up water and the unceasing roar.

"The others must have come in closer to camp," I shouted. "Get in and we'll row down."

Frank looked at me questioningly, as I reassured him, "There's no danger in this eddy."

As we rowed along, we encountered the boats along the rocky bank, one pulled up here, one there. The seine boat with our friends had got in, but one craft was missing.

"Where are the other boys?" I asked Pete and Gus, as we pulled in. They were standing together on the bank, peering off down the river.

"One of the boats couldn't make the eddy. Look! There's someone in the river—under the cable."

We saw a head out of water, under the ropes. Soon it was gone. . . .

"We'd better go and help," Gus spoke again. We hurried along, but too late to be of any help. Three men were lost, we learned, down in that sullen, gray water.

It was Red Thompson and his two companions in a staunch but clumsy craft who had failed to make the eddy. Thompson and one of the others had grasped the ropes that dangled there so promisingly when the boat sped by. They did not realize how strong was the pull of the river. . . . The third man went on, down stream, in the boat.

The men in the boson's chairs saw

DOMESTIC BIG GAME

By Walt Munson



"Will you lend a hand, sir, and help me catch a mouse in the pantry?"

Thompson smile. . . then saw the smile change to one of awful doubt as he realized they could not hold on against the current and must inevitably be swept down river.

Thompson sank, never to reappear, but the other man, by virtue of his wonderful swimming ability, had the narrowest of escapes.

Daughters, in the rescue boat, inexperienced though he was, tried—of all things!—to go hand over hand to the trolley above, in a rescue attempt. Failing to do so, he fell, exhausted, into the river.

Heroic Joe Boutin, seeing Daughters drop into the river and realizing, no doubt, that the inflated suit that Daughters should have been wearing, was in the boat, leaped from the boson's chair. He sacrificed his life in a vain attempt to save Daughters.

And here's Fate's joker in the whole, harsh deal—the third occupant of Thompson's craft landed the boat safely, alone, farther down river! Perhaps he had at some time heard an old timer give the sage advice—"Always stay with your boat!"

DRUM ICE

(Continued from page 13)

feet. The fire had gone out, but the soup was still warm, although a bit scorched. The marshal figured he must have slept close to a half hour. Again he patted the leader's flat head. "A few minutes more, old timer," he said, "and they'd have found me 'brittle, and bent like a bow!' " Dave flexed his long limbs and stamped his feet to bring back the circulation.

The short snooze had somewhat arrested the overwhelming desire for sleep, but it had stiffened his aching muscles. The sticky burn along his ribs was annoying, too.

He ate half of the soup, then lowered the rest on the end of the lash rope. As soon as Dode had eaten his portion, Dave pulled the pot back up. Now for a good pipe, a brisk turn up and down the ice to get his blood racing, then that much needed sleep.

With chilled fingers, he cut some tobacco from a plug, crowded it into the black bowl, lit it, and paced stiffly back and forth, puffing its sweet fragrance.

Suddenly he stopped. Mongol raised his head out of the snow hole he had dug for himself in a drift along the bank. Dave stood still for the length of half-a-dozen drags on his pipe, then continued his pacing. The words of an Alaskan ditty were torn from his lips by the whipping wind. Mongol changed his position so that his eyes could follow his master. It was as if the old dog knew that there was something in

the air when Dave started singing the plaintive air of "The Prospector's Lament." There were many men in Alaska who would have known that some obscure idea had suddenly formed itself into a plan of action.

"These are the men who've ruined Alaska—

Oh, I've seen it time and again. They stake by power-of-attorney, And prospect their ground with a pen.

"They do all their fine work through agents,

And lay around town with the sports; On intimate terms with lawyers, And on similar terms with the courts."

AS the wind carried the last of the softly mumbled words away, Dave Blaine knocked the ashes from his pipe. He set the sled behind two frozen hummocks along the bank, fastened one end of the long lash rope to it and tied the other end to Mongol's collar. The old leader never moved, only curled his bushy tail over his nose and awaited further orders.

Then the marshal took everything from his pockets except a leaf which he tore from his notebook, and a pencil. He put everything into the chain bag on the back of the sled, took a last look around, then, picking up his robe, stepped over to the hole he had cut in the ice.

"Hey, Barlow!" A grumbling answer came up from the black depths. "Wha' yuh want?"

"Stand back," called Dave, "I'm coming down." He threw the robe down, lowered himself till he was hanging from the edge, and dropped lightly to the frozen creek bed. He could hear Barlow's breathing and reached out, closing his fingers around the prisoner's arm.

"I've got to sleep down here," he explained. Then he made a great show of coughing, but Barlow couldn't see the smile on the marshal's face. Dave felt Dode's arm tighten.

"The wind's too fierce on top," continued Dave. "I have to have rest." More coughing and throat clearing. "And just in case you've forgotten, Barlow, it'll take the two of us to get out of here, one on the other's shoulders. There's no way possible for one man to do it alone." He released the man's arm and heard him swear beneath his breath as he rolled himself back up in his bed.

The marshal spread his own robe on the frozen sand, rolled up in it and stretched his trail-weary legs. It was comfortable down there, out of the wind. Boy! What a sleep he was going to have!

To be concluded.

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has furnished merchandise for the Willow Creek Mining District for the past thirty years, and with five auto roads radiating out from WASILLA, is known as the "Hub" of the famous Matanuska Valley, being the second largest revenue station on the Alaska Railroad, between Seward and Fairbanks. Owing to age limit, the proprietor, O. G. Herning, desires to retire from business. Here is fine opening for two young men that are live wires.

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From Ketchikan To Barrow

On this page are related facts in regard to Alaska's game, fish, birds and animals, her scenery, natural wonders and other items of current and general interest.

Forty hair seal, twenty-four eagles and two wolves were the toll of predatory animals and birds secured by Mr. and Mrs. Ole Fagerlie on a four weeks hunting and trapping trip on Prince of Wales Island during May. They will collect two dollars each in bounty for the seals, one dollar each for the eagles and, providing the next legislature passes a deficiency appropriation to replenish the wolf bounty fund, will get twenty dollars each for the two wolves.

The first rainbow trout caught this year out of the famed Russian River near Seward were twenty-six and twenty-eight inch beauties taken by Robert Hall and Walter Corliss, May 17. The two fish put up interesting fights.

So intent on saving a herd of domestic goats which were being raided by a grizzly bear that she did not think of the danger to herself, thirteen-year-old Betty Bishop ran out in front of the bear and started shooting it off her parents' Unuk River ranch by waving her apron, recently. The bear slumped and snarled, but made no effort to approach. George Lemmon, a miner, happened along and saw the episode. He killed the grizzly with four shots from his rifle.

Only one army post is maintained in Alaska, at Haines.

Harlan Gubsen, expert in wolf and coyote trapping technique, has been appointed to take active charge of a wolf control program in Northwestern Alaska where wolves have been making increased depredations on reindeer and caribou herds, according to an announcement by the Alaska Game Commission recently. Mr. Gubsen will help wolf trappers improve their methods.

A. L. Hager of Vancouver, B. C., and Clarence Ederer of Chicago returned to their homes early in June after a successful brown bear hunt in the Port Moller district of Bristol Bay. Ederer shot two and Hager one bear. Ederer also shot a wolverine. Hager plans to return north next spring and float down the Mackenzie River in Canada by house-boat, thence to Point Barrow by dog sled, to hunt walrus and polar bear.



Indications that Alaska will have the greatest development in mining in twenty years during 1936 are seen in all the mineral areas. Many properties, idle and undeveloped for two decades, are being opened by capital.

Alaska's fisheries products are either canned, frozen, salted, smoked, converted to meal or oil or shipped fresh.

The largest king salmon caught this spring on light tackle in Southeastern Alaska was one weighing 39½ pounds, dressed. It was caught by Harry Gale at Mountain Point, near Ketchikan. The record for previous years at Ketchikan is a 48½ pounder taken by Ed Dorn.

On an automobile trip over the Seward highway recently, Henry Gorcham of Juneau encountered a cow moose, a bull moose and a black bear, several porcupine and rabbits and saw a beaver colony busily at work.

The Office of Indian Affairs of the Federal Government operates ninety-four day schools, two industrial schools and one school for the blind in Alaska, in addition to maintaining hospitals and giving medical service.

Having secured their full quota of bears on Kodiak Island and many specimens of Alaska birds, which will be placed on exhibition at the University of Michigan, Dr. C. E. Boys and A. C. Schuren of Michigan went south late in May. They also secured many thousand feet of interesting motion picture film. It was Dr. Boys' fourth trip to Alaska and Mr. Schuren's second.

A. J. Casper of Union, New Jersey, and H. A. Benedict of East Orange, each secured a Kodiak bear this spring in the vicinity of Karluk Bay. Mr. Casper's bear measured ten feet, four inches; Mr. Benedict's eight feet. Both sportsmen were enthusiastic in acclaiming Alaska as a bear hunter's paradise.



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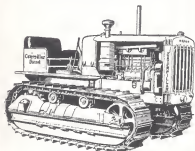
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